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CLEYFORD GARDENS, BIRMINGHAM

VS
PREDATOR
VS
THE
TERMINATOR

4 OF 4

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ALIENS™

V E R S U S

PREDATOR™

V E R S U S

THE TERMINATOR™

01
02
03
04

SCHULTZ
RUBI
IVY

FUTURE HELL!



ALIENS VS. PREDATOR

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BY THE
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**ALIENS
VERSUS
PREDATOR
VERSUS
THE
TERMINATOR**

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THE SPACE
FREIGHTER
CARTHAGE.

THEY
CAN'T SEE
US. BESIDES,
NO ONE'S
LOOKING
THIS WAY.

SUB-SPACE IS
STICKY WITH ALL
THE SHIP-TO-SHIP
COMMUNICATIONS--
THAT'S NO WAR SIMULA-
TION GOING ON DOWN
THERE...

...IT LOOKS
LIKE HALF THE
NAVY IS HERE. SOME-
THING ISN'T RIGHT...

OF COURSE. I **TOLD**
YOU THAT TERMINATOR
THING WAS COMING
HERE.

SOMEHOW,
HE **KNEW** THERE
WERE BANKS AND
BANKS OF FLASH-
FROZEN ALIENS HERE
ON THE BLACK
ASTEROID...

"...HERE ON
LOS ALAMOS
235!"

"BASED ON WHAT I LEARNED
FROM THE CONNOR VIRUS,
WE CAN GUESS THEY'LL NEED
LOTS OF ALIEN BODY PARTS.
LINGUAFOEDA WILL PROVIDE
THE HARDWARE UPGRADE
NEEDED TO CREATE THE ARMY
OF HYBRID-TERMINATORS. IF
THE PROGRAM WORKS, IT'LL
RESURRECT SKYNET!"

"GOD HELP US.
ONE OF THOSE
CYBORGS WAS
SCARY ENOUGH..."

"WELL, THE MILITARY
IS OBVIOUSLY UPSET,
TOO. THEY SENT A
WHOLE DAMN ARMADA
TO LAY SIEGE TO..."

"**HEADS UP!**
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING ON
THE SURFACE!"

**GOOD
LORD!**



"HOLY...!"

"...WHAT
KIND OF
WEAPON
IS THAT?!"

"IT--IT'S
SHREDDING
THE WHOLE
DAMN
ARMADA!"



TODAY HAS
NOT BEEN A
GOOD DAY.

TODAY,
THINGS HAVE
NOT GONE AS
PLANNED.

YESTERDAY, I
THOUGHT I HAD
A SURE THING. I
FELT THAT FOR
ONCE--FOR THE
FIRST TIME--I
WAS ON THE
WINNING SIDE.

FOR *ONCE*
I WAS GOING
TO DO SOME-
THING RIGHT.

WHY DID I LET
MYSELF BELIEVE?

WHY DID I THINK--
EVEN FOR A *MINUTE*--
THIS WOULD MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE?
THAT I COULD FIND
SOME SMALL MEAS-
SURE OF JUSTICE...

...IN
SWITCHING
TEAMS?

IN THROWING
MY LOT WITH A
TROOP OF SPACE-
FARING, CRAB-
FACED GORILLAS?

I'M LOSING
EVERYTHING AGAIN--
JUST ANOTHER
SUCKER PAWN
AGAIN--UNLESS...

...UNLESS...

OH, NO...

WE HAD ONE
LAST TRICK,
THIS CRAB-
FACE AND I...

...ONE LAST
CHANCE OF
REVERSING OUR
FORTUNES...

...BUT THE
GODDAMN
TERMINATORS
HAVE SNIFFED
IT OUT.



IT'S OVER--IT'S ALL OVER.

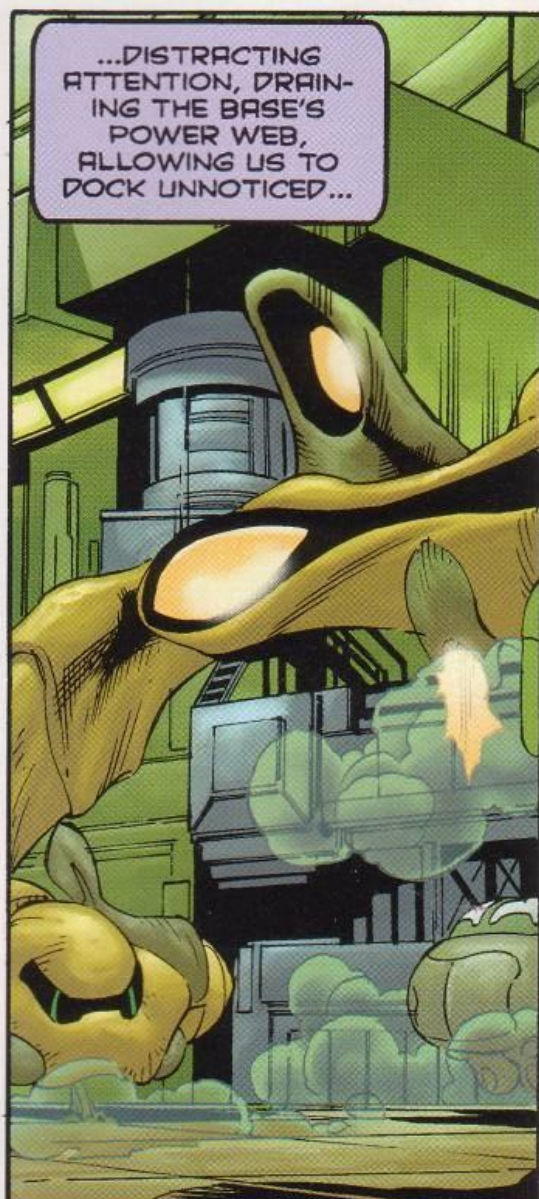
SEEMS LIKE *FOREVER*,
BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN MORE THAN MINUTES
AGO THAT WE BROUGHT
OUR SHIPS DOWN THIS
BLACK ASTEROID'S WELL...

...INVISIBLE TO
THE ARMADA OUT-
SIDE, INVISIBLE TO
THE ASTEROID'S
DEFENSES...



...UNTIL THE RUTHLESS
CRAB-FACES PUPOSELY
TRIPPED THE *PERIMETER
ALARM*, AND SET OFF A
CHAIN REACTION THAT
ENDED WITH THE TOTAL
DESTRUCTION OF THE
FLEET ABOVE...

...DISTRACTING
ATTENTION, DRAIN-
ING THE BASE'S
POWER WEB,
ALLOWING US TO
DOCK UNNOTICED...



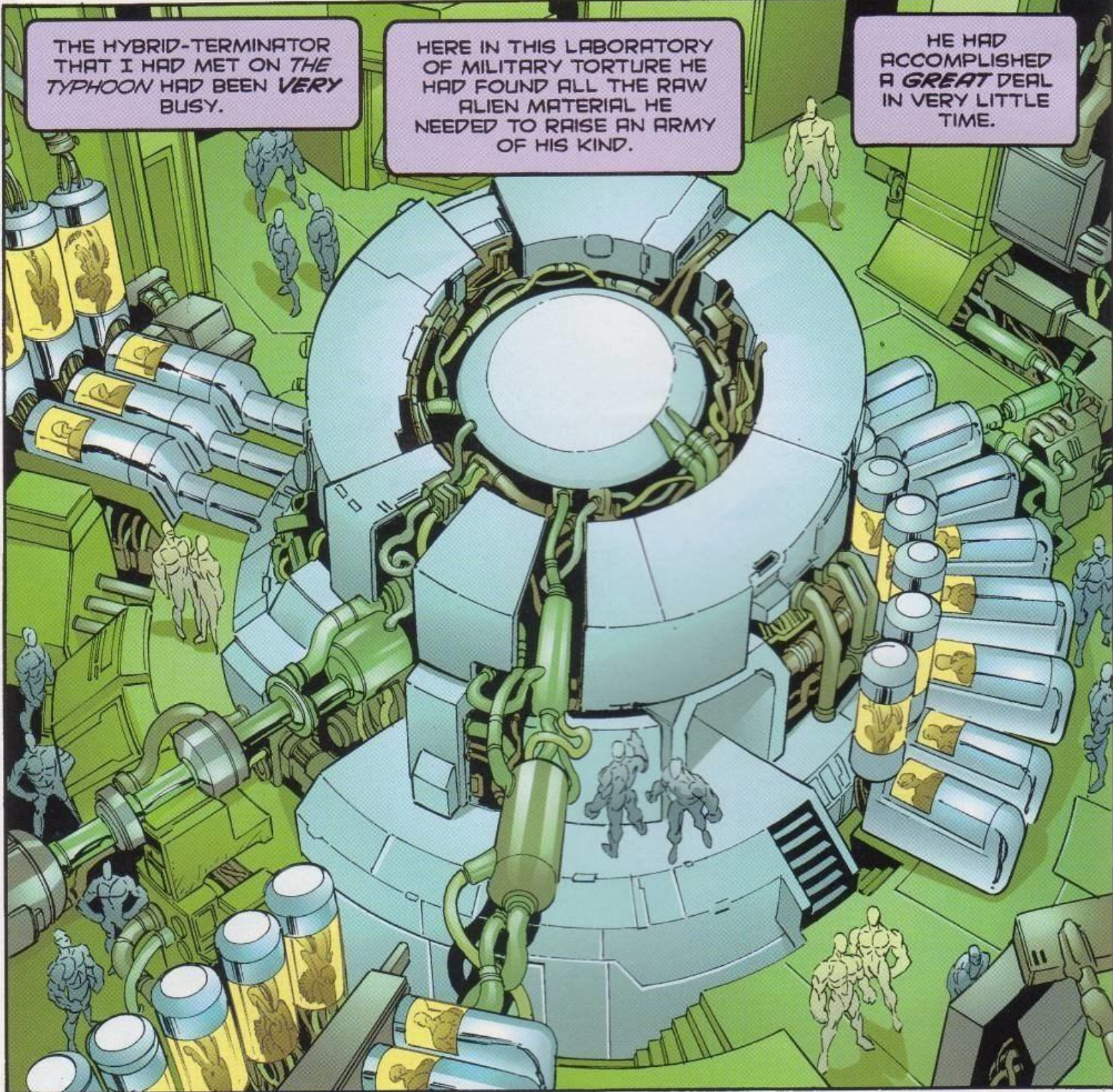
...ALLOWING US
TO SWEEP UN-
CHECKED, AN
INVINCIBLE ARMY,
INTO A HELL OF
HUMAN AMBITION
RUN AMOK.



THE HYBRID-TERMINATOR THAT I HAD MET ON *THE TYPHOON* HAD BEEN **VERY** BUSY.

HERE IN THIS LABORATORY OF MILITARY TORTURE HE HAD FOUND ALL THE RAW ALIEN MATERIAL HE NEEDED TO RAISE AN ARMY OF HIS KIND.

HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED A **GREAT** DEAL IN VERY LITTLE TIME.

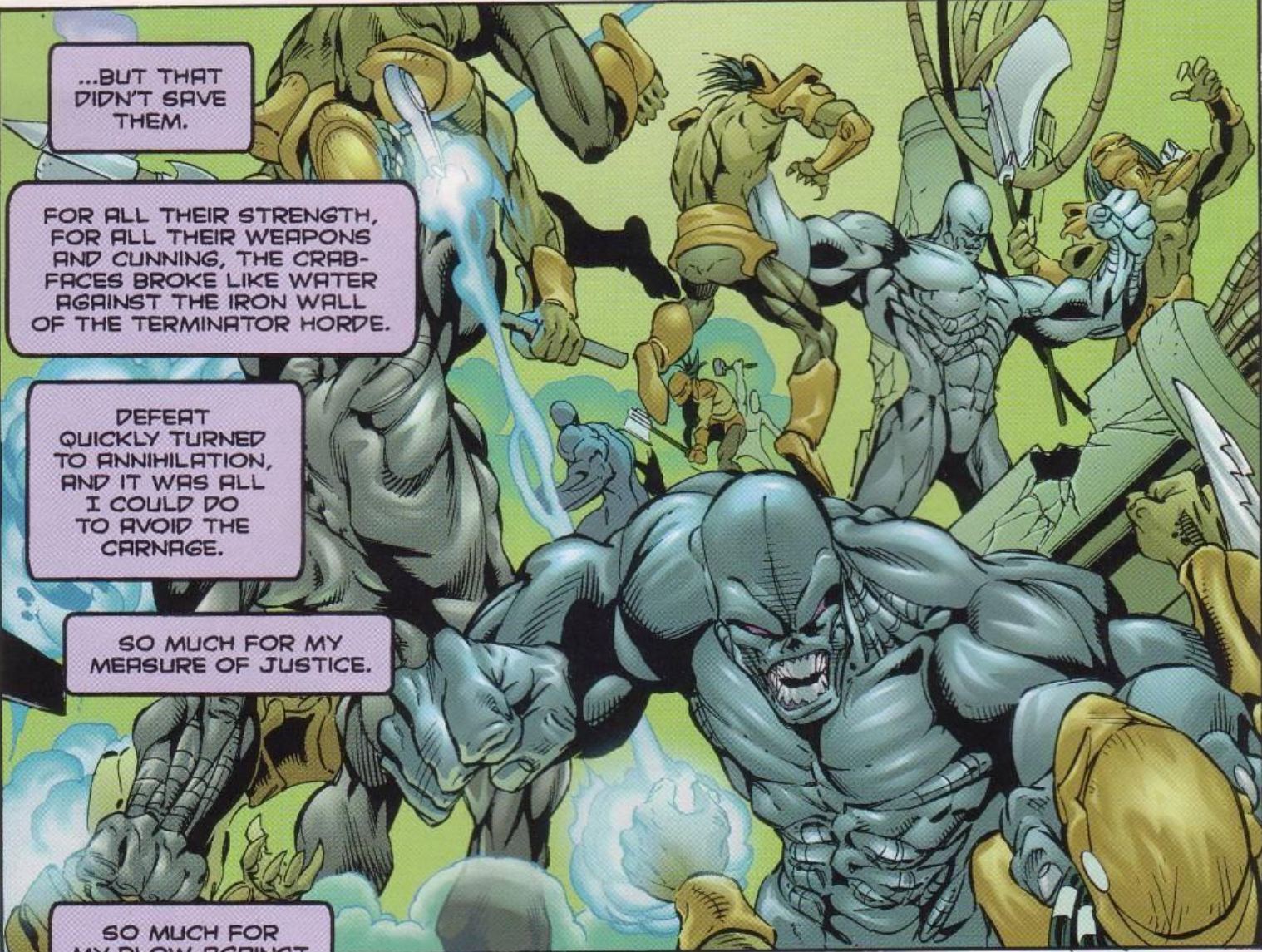


THIS DID NOT DISCOURAGE THE CRAB-FACES.

THEY KNEW BETTER THAN ANYBODY OR ANYTHING THE DEPTHS OF PURE COSMIC DEPRAVITY THEY FACED.

THEY UNDERSTOOD WHAT WAS AT STAKE...





...BUT THAT
DIDN'T SAVE
THEM.


FOR ALL THEIR STRENGTH,
FOR ALL THEIR WEAPONS
AND CUNNING, THE CRAB-
FACES BROKE LIKE WATER
AGAINST THE IRON WALL
OF THE TERMINATOR HORDE.

DEFEAT
QUICKLY TURNED
TO ANNIHILATION,
AND IT WAS ALL
I COULD DO
TO AVOID THE
CARNAGE.

SO MUCH FOR MY
MEASURE OF JUSTICE.

SO MUCH FOR
MY BLOW AGAINST
THE MILITARY-
INDUSTRIAL
MAGGOTS WHO
STOLE MY LIFE.

WE HAD
ONE FINAL,
TERRIBLE
GAMBLE TO
MAKE...



...AND THE
HYBRIDS SECOND-
GUESSED IT.

IT'S *ALL OVER*...



THIS IS GOING TO END LIKE EVERY OTHER BATTLE HAS ENDED TODAY...

THE CRAB-FACES DO NOT MATCH UP AGAINST KILLING MACHINES THAT ABSORB STRENGTH FROM THEIR SURROUNDINGS...

...BUT THAT DOES NOT STOP THEM FROM *CONTINUING* TO GIVE THEIR FULL MEASURE.

THIS ONE SHOOTS ME A PIERCING GLARE. I KNOW WHAT HE'S TELLING ME--HE'S OUT OF THE GAME--HE'S ACTIVATING HIS DESTRUCT MECHANISM...



...UNTIL, MAYBE, NOW. I'M STILL ALIVE AND MAYBE IT'S *NOT* OVER.

THE LOOK MY DYING CRAB-FACE GAVE ME ALSO SAID THAT EVERYTHING WAS UP TO ME...

HE GETS THE DESIRED REACTION. THE HYBRID MOVES TO MUFFLE THE COMING EXPLOSION THAT WOULD OTHERWISE PUNCH A DEVASTATING HOLE THROUGH THE LABS.

IT'S ONE SACRIFICE COUNTERED BY ANOTHER.

THAT'S HOW IT'S GONE TODAY--A WAR OF ATTRITION--BUT THE TERMINATORS HAVE KEPT THE UPPER HAND. THEY HAVE HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF NUMBERS...

...THE WAY WAS CLEARED. I WAS IN POSITION TO LAND THE ONE LAST BLOW THAT MIGHT POSSIBLY TURN THE TIDE...



...TO PLAY THE
ONE AWFUL CARD
LEFT TO US...



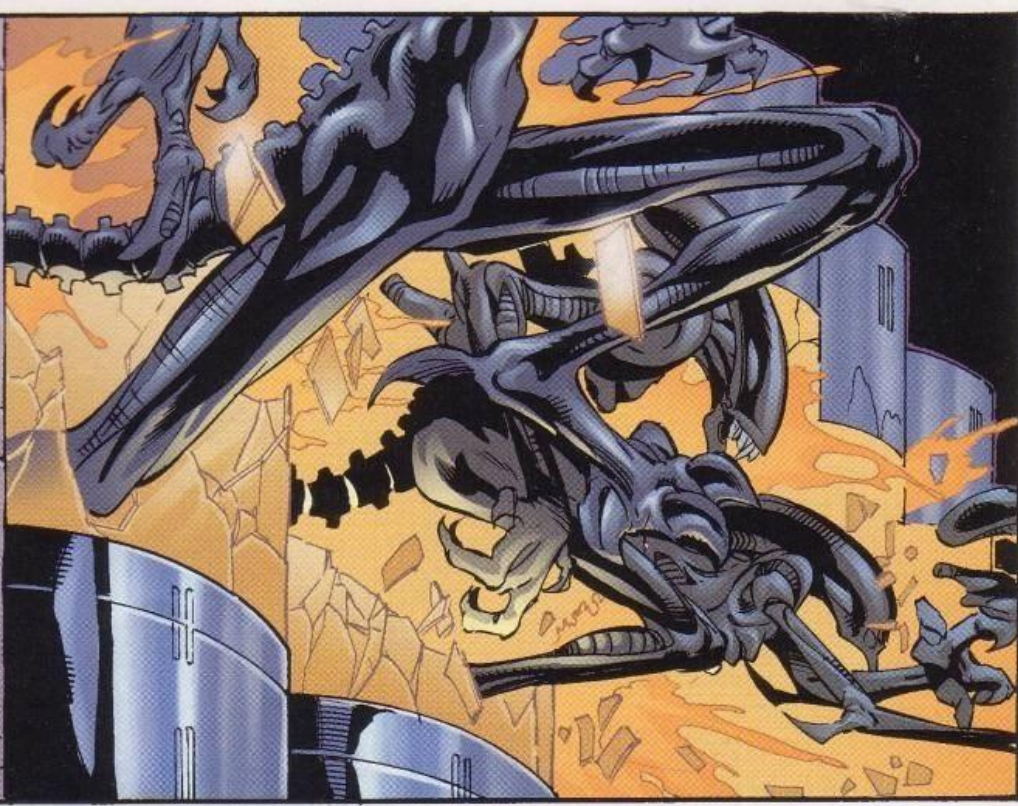
...TO GO
THE ROUTE
OF CHAOS
AND TOTAL
ABANDON...



...TO RELEASE THE
HOUNDS OF HELL!



THIS--THIS IS WHAT
I WAS *BORN* TO DO!





THERE IS A *PAUSE*,
A GIDDY MOMENT
OF PRECARIOUS
BALANCE, AS
THE UNIVERSE
SHUDERS...



...AND THEN,
IN A SPLIT
SECOND...



...THE RULES
CHANGE...



...AND *EVERY-*
THING CHANGES--
AS IF THE MO-
MENTUM OF SOME
GIANT PENDULUM
HAD REVERSED,
HAD BEGUN TO
SWING BACK...

...BACK
TOWARD A
UNIVERSE OF
CHAOS AND
INSANITY--A
UNIVERSE WE
ALL *KNOW*--ONE
WHERE WE ALL
BELONG.



...THE BLOOD OF THEIR BLOOD. EVEN THEY CANNOT DEFEND THE CHEMICAL RETALIATION THAT EVERY DELIVERED WOUND THROWS BACK AT THEM.

THE HYBRID AGENTS OF THE LIFE-HATING ABERRATION FROM MANKIND'S TWISTED PAST CANNOT STAND UP TO THIS...

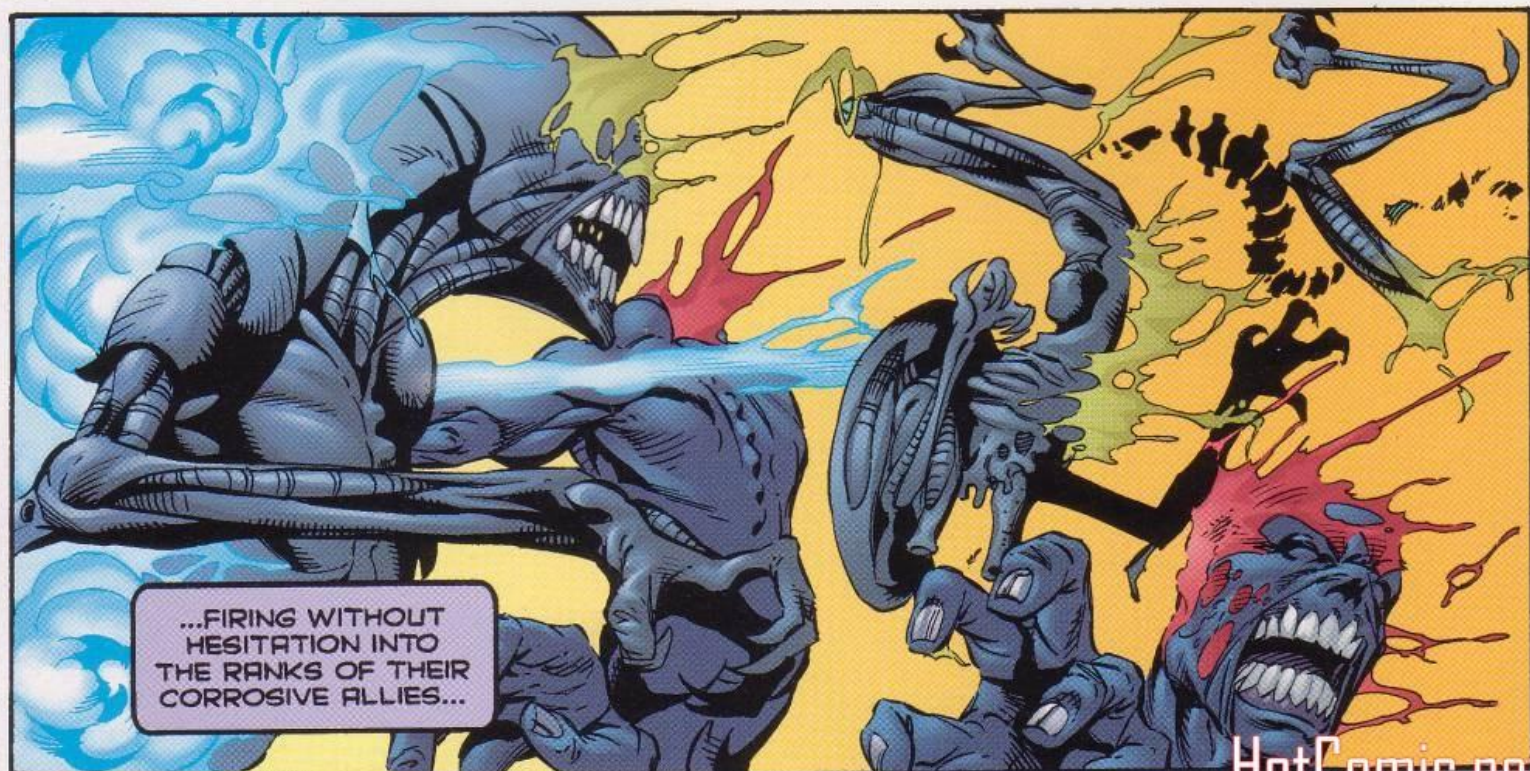


WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, YOU FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE, DAMN IT!



THE FEW REMAINING CRAB-FACES KEEP THEIR DISCIPLINE.

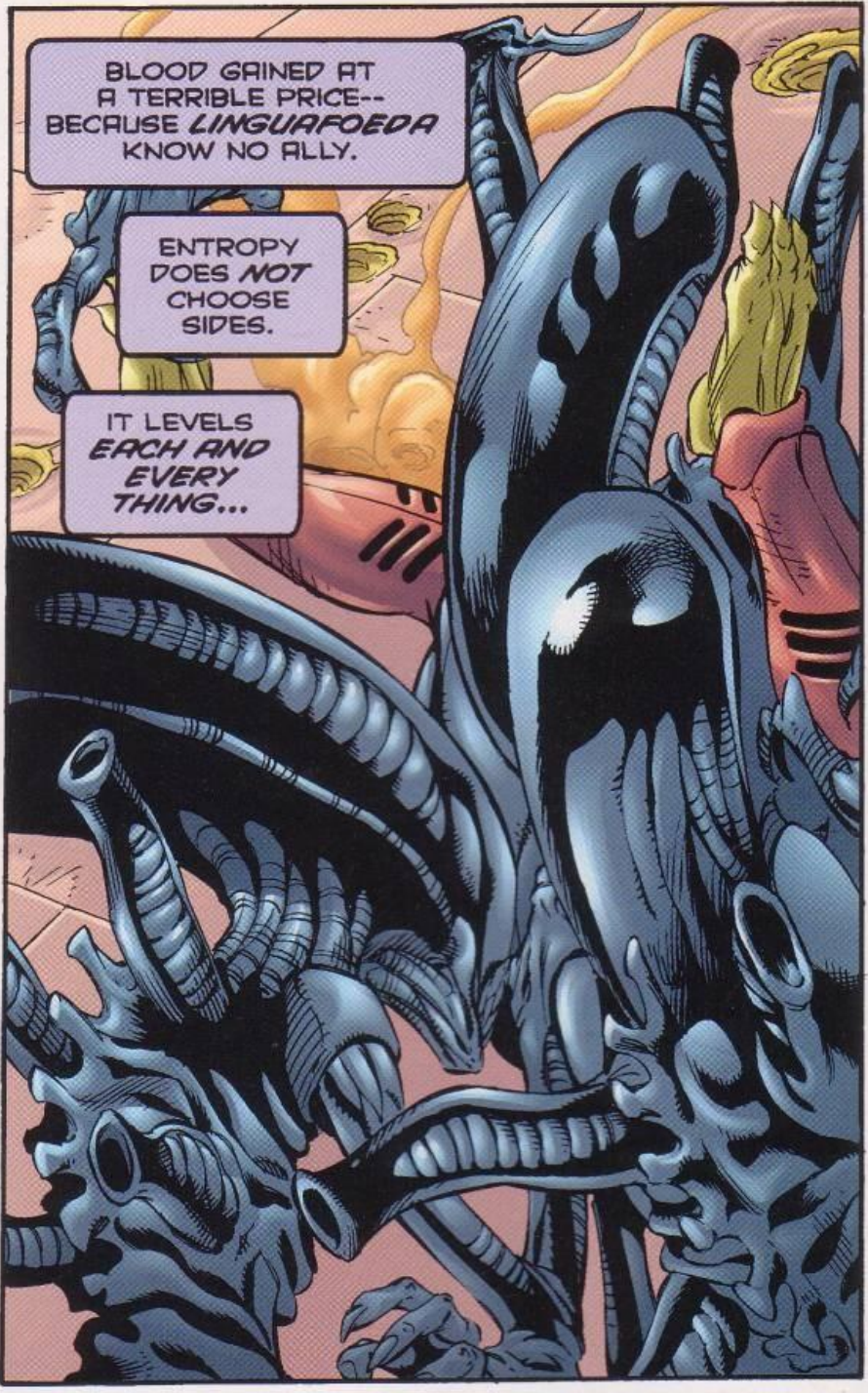
THEY SEE THE BREACH IN THEIR ENEMY'S DEFENSES AND MOVE TO EXPAND IT...



...FIRING WITHOUT HESITATION INTO THE RANKS OF THEIR CORROSIVE ALLIES...




...AND DRENCHING
THIS BLACK ASTEROID
IN A SEA OF CLEANSING,
ALIEN BLOOD.



BLOOD GAINED AT
A TERRIBLE PRICE--
BECAUSE *LINGUAFOEDA*
KNOW NO ALLY.

ENTROPY
DOES *NOT*
CHOOSE
SIDES.

IT LEVELS
EACH AND
EVERY
THING...



...AND DAMMIT,
DAMMIT, DAMMIT
IT ALL, I HAVE
BROUGHT ON THIS
CHEMICAL HELL,
AND I CAN NO
LONGER MOVE I
AM FROZEN I AM
HELPLESS...

...UNTIL...

...I SEE *HIM*--THE
ONE FROM THE *TYPHOON*--
THE *ALPHA HYBRID*.

HE SURVEYS
THE FIELD. HE
SEES NOTHING
BUT DEFEAT
AND THE END
OF THE GAME.

HE TURNS--
HE *FLEES*...
HE KNOWS
THIS HAND
IS LOST.

HE KNOWS
HE MUST
ESCAPE TO
KEEP THE
DREAM OF A
SKYNET EM-
PIRE ALIVE.

THIS PLACE IS DOOMED--
THE ACIDS EATING INTO THE
INTERNAL WORKINGS OF
THIS BASE WILL EVENTUALLY
TRIGGER A SYSTEMS-WIDE
SUICIDE RESPONSE.

BUT IF THE
ALPHA MAKES IT
TO AN ESCAPE POD...

NO--THIS
MUST END
HERE.

I--*WE*--WILL
NEVER BE THIS
LUCKY AGAIN...

...THE
TERMINATORS
WILL *NEVER*
BE THIS
WEAK...

OH, GOD! *NO!*

SOMETHING'S
COMING!

NOT NOW!
NOT NOW!





LEAVE--
NOW!

YOU CAN'T
SURVIVE DOWN
HERE, AND I
CAN'T PROTECT
YOU!

EVERYTHING'S
EATEN AWAY--
THE ENTIRE WORKS
IS LIKELY TO SELF-
DESTRUCT AT
ANY MINUTE!



OKAY, RIPLEY--
OKAY...BUT, COME
ON--FOR GOD'S SAKE,
LET'S *ALL* GO...



NO,
CALL.

YOU DID
THE RIGHT
THING, BRINGING
ME BACK OUT
INTO THE
BLACK. I
KNOW THAT
NOW.

PLEASE--
GO. LET ME
DO WHAT I
CAN DO...

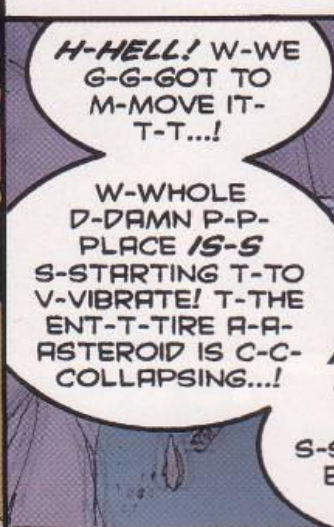


"...LET ME
FINISH
THE JOB."



LET'S GO,
CALL. SHE'S
RIGHT. SHE
BELONGS
HERE.

RIGHT
NOW, YOU'RE
A LOT CLOSER
TO HUMAN THAN
SHE IS.



H-HELL! W-WE
G-G-GOT TO
M-MOVE IT-
T-T...!

W-WHOLE
D-DAMN P-P-
PLACE *IS-S*
S-STARTING T-TO
V-VIBRATE! T-THE
ENT-T-TIRE A-A-
ASTEROID IS C-C-
COLLAPSING...!

VOORMAN,
LOOK!
S-STRUCTURE'S
B-BREAKING
UP-P!



O-O-H
M-MY G-
G-GOD...

O-O-H
M-MY G-
G-GOD...

O-O-H
M-MY G-
G-GOD...

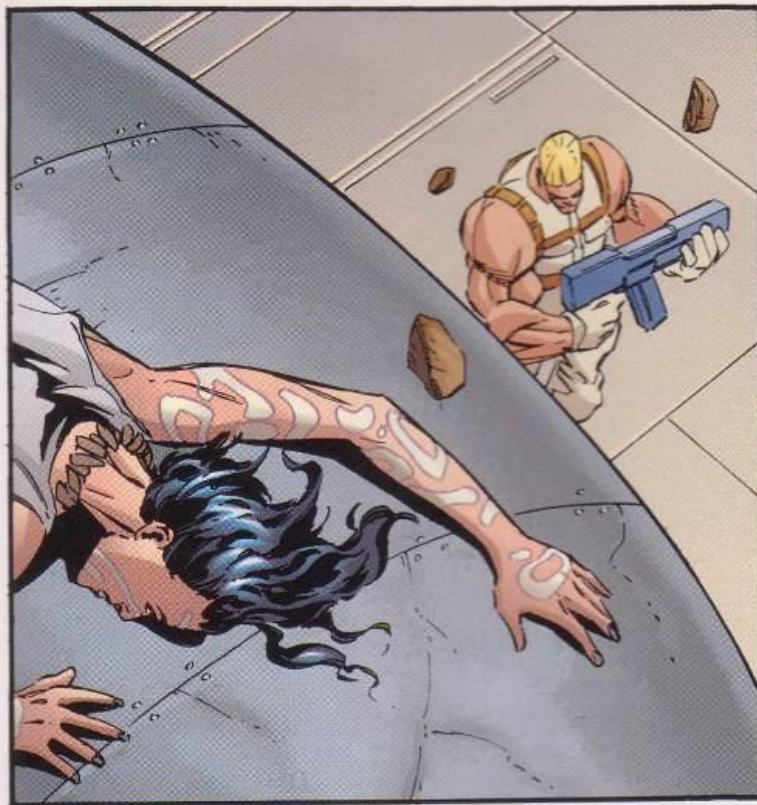


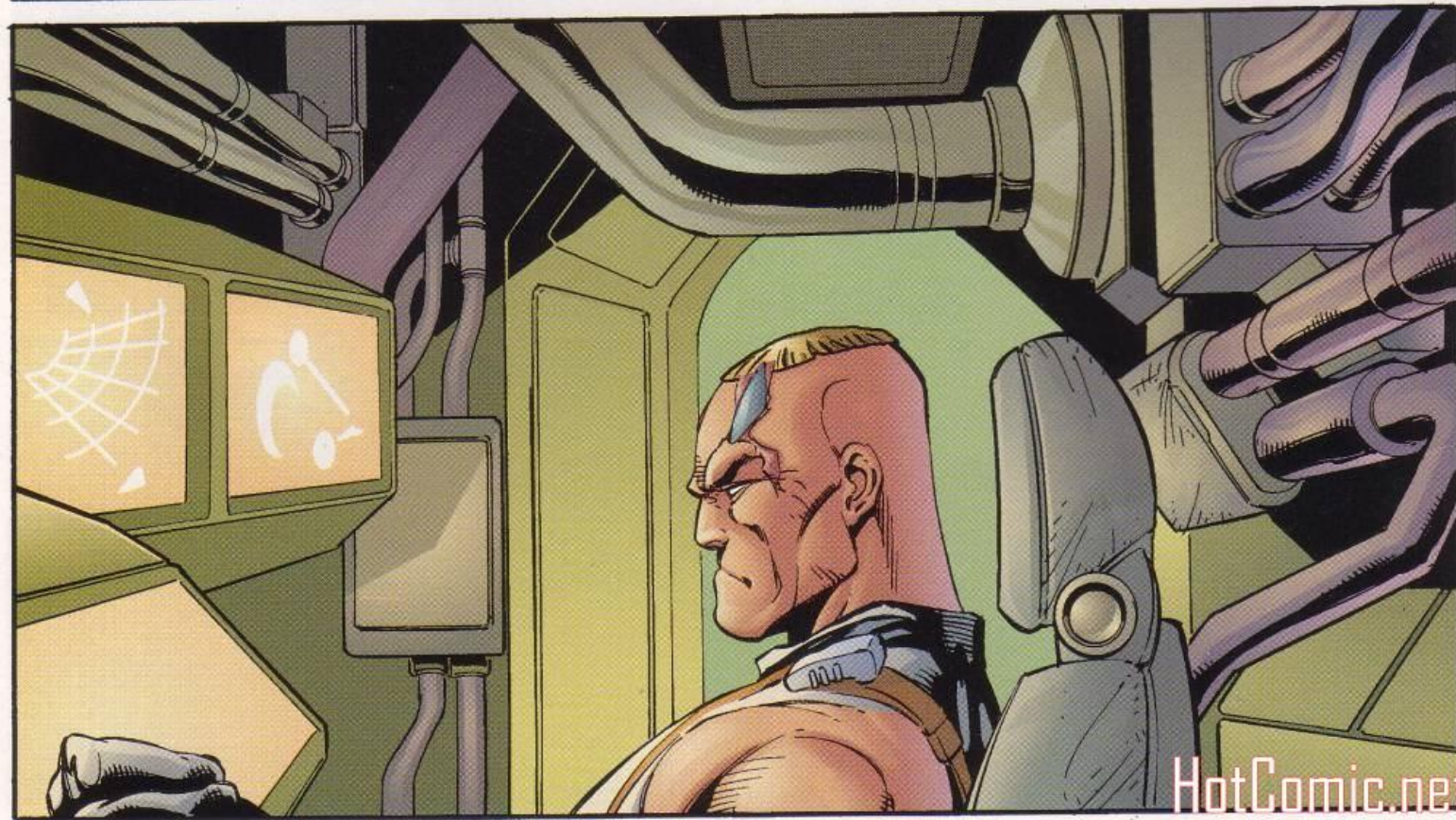
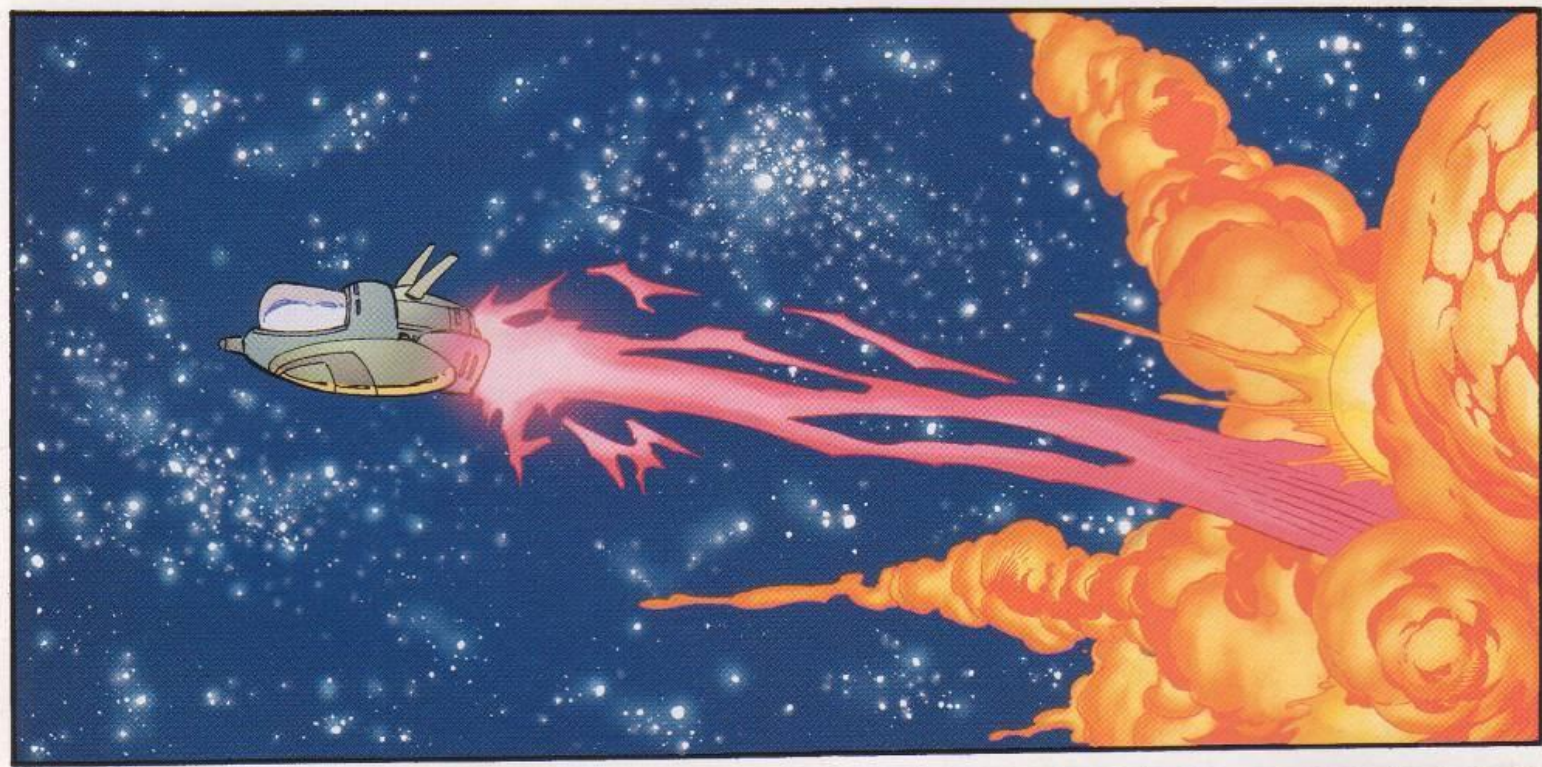
HE
CAME THIS
WAY...

...HE
HAD TO
COME THIS
WAY...



W-W-WE'RE A-ALMOST
TH-THERE! H-H-HOPE
BL-BLADES HAS
G-GOT 'ER UP-P-P
AND-D R-RUN--





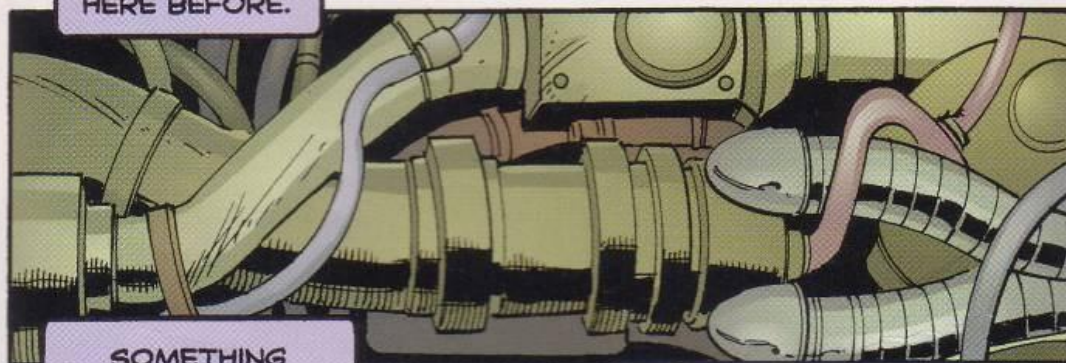


IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS.

EMERGENCY LAUNCH SUCCESSFUL--
SET GAMMA 9.34
GAMMA...

I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

DORSAL SHOCK WAVES DISSIPATING--
COURSE CORRECTED--
ALL SYSTEMS FUNCTIONING...

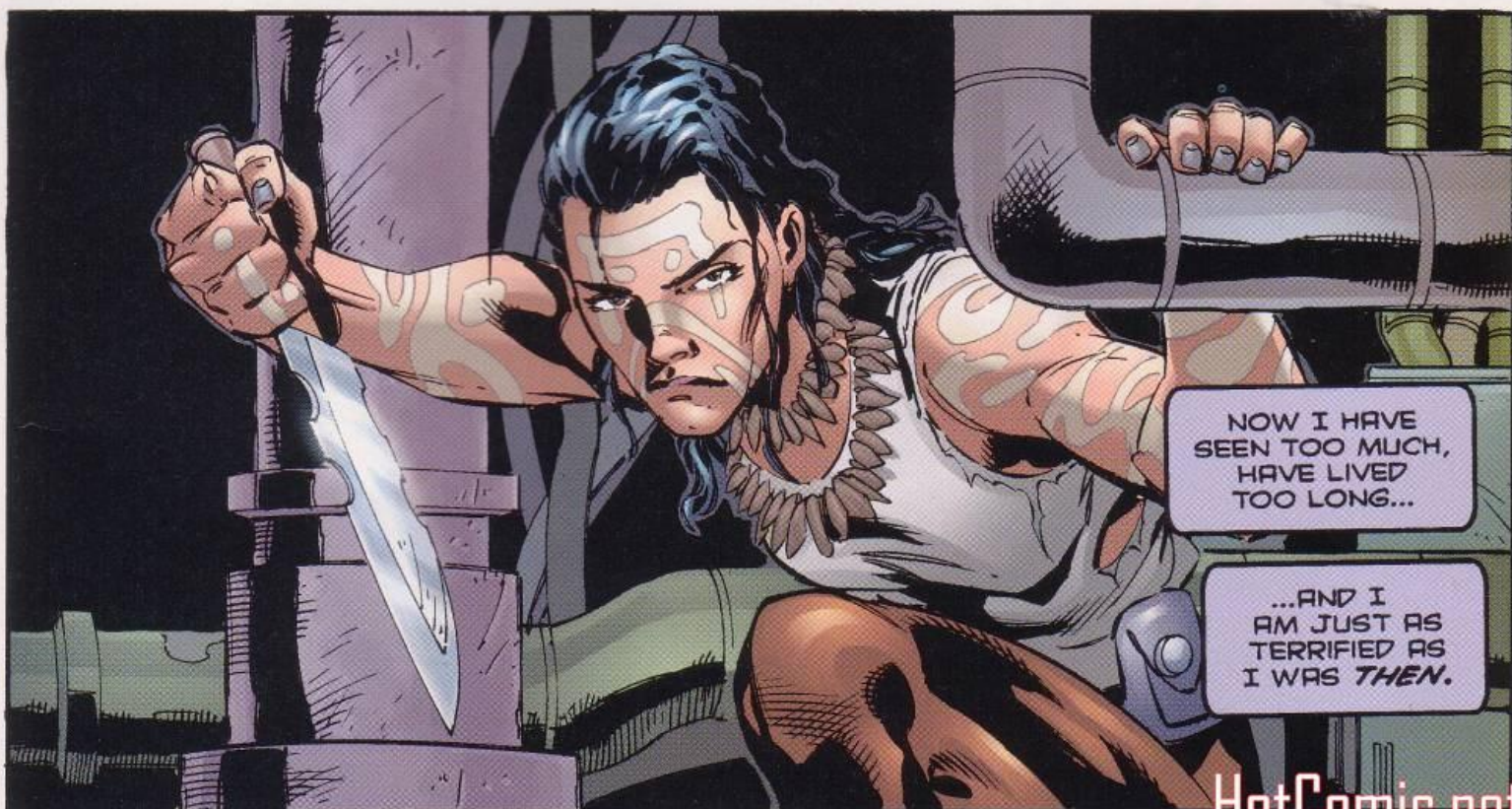


SOMETHING INSIDE ME,
DISTANT, AS IF FROM ANOTHER
LIFE, TELLS ME I'VE SEEN THIS
ALL BEFORE.



BUT, *THEN*,
I PLAYED THE OTHER ROLE.

THEN I WAS YOUNG
AND NAIVE
AND FULL OF FIRE.



NOW I HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH,
HAVE LIVED TOO LONG...

...AND I AM JUST AS
TERRIFIED AS I WAS *THEN*.



THIS IS MY
PLAN...IF MY
BLADE FINDS
HIS EYE...OH
PLEASE, DEAR
GOD--



AAAAA!



UNNNNFFF...

NEVER HAD
A CHANCE...

...HAD TO TRY...



...HAD TO
TRY *PLAN*
A...



...NOW I
GO WITH
PLAN B.

I'VE
LEARNED
A FEW
THINGS
FROM MY
ALLIES.





WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

RIPLEY.



RIPLEY.

THAT WAS A COMPLETELY ANOMALOUS EXPLOSION-- WASN'T CONNECTED WITH LOS ALAMOS DEBRIS...

I KNOW-- BUT THAT WAS RIPLEY. SHE FINISHED THE JOB.



SHE CLEANED UP THE MESS THAT WE STUMBLED INTO.

WHAT THE CONNOR VIRUS TOLD ME-- ABOUT SKYNET RETURNING?

SHE CLOSED THE BOOK ON THAT. I *KNOW* SHE DID.



I FORCED HER BACK OUT THERE. I GOT HER INTO THIS. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT.

I HOPE SHE MADE HER PEACE. I THINK SHE GOT HER DIGNITY BACK.

AND HER SOUL, MAYBE.

YEAH. AND HER SOUL.

AND MAYBE SHE SAVED MANKIND'S SOUL IN THE BARGAIN.

LET'S GO HOME.

THE END

HotComic.net

Mel's very first
design of the
Alien-Terminator hybrid

MEL RUBI



SKETCH GALLERY

A sketch for
Dwayne's unused
#4 cover

DWAYNE TURNER

